

LINDEN BARK

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Christmas Calendars

Gay, red calendars for December have been put on all the post-office boxes, decorated with Christmas bells, and carrying this foreword by Mr. Motley.

"In a few more days footfalls of our Lindenwood Girls will be heard on the paths toward home.

"Carry with you the Joy and Glad Tidings of this great Christmas Time.

"May your feeling of Service and Good Will be sustained throughout the New Year."

One Day Longer

Dr. Roemer announced in chapel, Monday, December 5, the Christmas vacation period. It will begin Friday, December 16, at noon, and will end Tuesday, January 3, at 10 a.m. This is an unusually long vacation, since Monday, January 2, is a legal holiday. Lindenwood girls are very fortunate in having Dr. Roemer grant them an extra day at home.

COLLEGE CALENDAR

Thursday, January 12:

11 a.m., Assembly, Cyril Clemens, "My Cousin, Mark Twain".

Saturday, January 14:

8 p.m., Senior Date Dance

Sunday, January 15:

6:30 p.m., William Rose Benet, "Contemporary American Poets"

Characters in Bulgaria

Lindenwood Gives Finished Production in Christmas Play.

"Arms and The Man" by George Bernard Shaw was the annual Christmas play presented Friday night, December 9, by Alpha Psi Omega in Roemer Auditorium. The play was directed by Miss Mary McKenzie Gordon, Betty Jayne Bass was stage manager.

"Arms and the Man" is a most delightful peasant play and is a satire on war and the servile system, with the setting in Bulgaria in a small town near Dragoman Pass. All of the action takes place at the home of Major Petkoff. The first act opens one night late in November, 1855, in Raina's bed-chamber; the setting for the second act is a spring morning the following March in the garden; and the third act is the same day after lunch, in the library.

Raina Petkoff, a young girl of Bulgaria and romantically inclined, was particularly well portrayed by Genevieve Horswell. Catherine Petkoff, her mother, who might be a very splendid specimen of the wife of a mountain farmer, but is determined to be a Viennese lady, was most admirably done by Joyce D. Davis. Dorothy Grote played the part of Louka, her maid, in a most pleasing manner.

Major Paul Petkoff, the father, who is an officer in the Bulgarian army, and a cheerful, excitable, insignificant and unpolished man of about 50, was presented in a satis-

Christmas Dinner Much Enjoyed By All

The family Christmas dinner that everyone looks forward to each year was a wonderful success last night. The dining room was decorated beautifully with wreaths and a Christmas tree. Each table glowed from the light of a red candle in its center and there were little china Santa Clauses for each girl. After eating the delicious dinner the high point of the evening came when all the help; maids, waitresses, gardeners, marched in from the kitchen to receive their presents from a most jolly St. Nicholas. Among much hilarity Santa read out their names and each one came forward to claim his present.

The Halliday singers added to the evening by singing Negro spirituals as only they can sing them. Such was their influence, that following this everyone sang Christmas songs and it was not hard to see that the Christmas spirit had captured all.

Unselfish Contributions

The annual Christmas seal campaign has gotten under way at Lindenwood. Mr. Motley has urged the girls to buy seals in order to help the needy tuberculosis cases in this state and throughout the country. He has appointed sales managers for each floor in all the halls and they are: Butler, Evelyn Bradley, Winifred Vrooman and Mary Ekburg; Ayres, Kay Lovitt, Joanna Benecke and Helen Kanne; Sibley, Carol Davenport, Mary Benner and Josephine Trice; Niccolls, Mary McSpadden, Jeanette Lee and Hycinth Young; and Irwin, Betty Kelley, Mami Lou Albertson and Dorothy Grote.

Let us really show the Christmas spirit of good will by buying these seals and thereby helping someone back to health.

fying manner by Joanna Benecke. Helen Dondanville played most convincingly the character of Major Sergius Saranoff, an officer in the Bulgarian army and affianced to Raina. She portrayed throughout the play in this character a certain cynical scorn of humanity, and an ironic air. Captain Bluntschli, an officer in the Servian army, was played in a dashing and adventurous manner by Marian Hull.

Betty Lee Sleyster interpreted most satisfactorily the part of Nicola, a middle-aged man of cool temperament and low but clear and keen intelligence, who was a serving man to the Petkoff family. The Bulgarian officer was played very well by Viella Smerling.

"Arms and the Man", a play that holds the attention of the audience throughout the three acts, was particularly well presented by the girls. The costumes were suited to the setting and extremely colorful. There is a certain irony under the surface of the play and this was shown by the portrayal of the various characters in the play.

Appreciated Numbers

Student Body Delighted With Program by Mr. Thomas and Miss Walker.

Miss Pearl Walker, soprano, and Mr. John Thomas, pianist, were well received in a faculty recital Monday evening, December 5, at 8 p.m. in Roemer Auditorium. Mr. Paul Friess was the accompanist for Miss Walker.

Mr. Thomas played parts of a Sonata in E Major, by Beethoven, and also selections from Schostakovitch, Ravel, and Prokofieff. Miss Walker sang two numbers in German from Schubert, and several pieces by Marx, Hageman, Rimsky-Korsakoff, and Frank Bridges. Both Mr. Thomas and Miss Walker displayed their finetalents, and the audience greatly applauded them.

Choir and Orchestra Help Celebrate Season

At the beautiful musical vespers, Sunday night in Roemer Auditorium, both choir and orchestra helped to make the Christmas environment. With Miss Gieselman directing the singers, and Miss Isidor the orchestra, and with Cordelia Buck and Mary Ahmann accompanists, the Christmas cantata, "The Wondrous Story" (Richard Kountz) was sung, followed by the Christmas sermonette by Rev. R.W. Fay, and the annual offering for the poor.

Something new was the Aria, by Tenaglia, played by Suzanne Eby, violin; Mildred Jumet, viola; Mary Catherine Booth, violin; and Janet Evans, cello. This was very well rendered. Traditional carols, arranged in a "Christmas Fantasie" by Reibold, followed, with the recessional.

Campus Tree Lighted, Beautiful Spectacle

The huge Christmas tree north of The Gables was brilliantly illuminated Sunday evening following the vespers, and the congregation went from the auditorium to the tree where they sang Christmas carols. Every evening until the college is dismissed for vacation, the tree will be a blaze of colorful lights. Each year the tree is decorated with the various colored bulbs, and is really a beautiful sight. Lindenwood girls always look forward to the lighting of this magnificent tree, for this is a sure sign that Christmas vacation is near.

Dean Made Member of Club

The Lindenwood Evening Club of St. Louis, has made Dean Jackson an honorary member of the club. Miss Jackson and her secretary Miss Culbertson attended a meeting of this club a few days ago, and Miss Jackson addressed the members of the club.



Hail to the Queen!

Last night, December 12, Sue Sonnday, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Sonnday of St. Louis was crowned popularity queen at the annual Christmas dance. Christmas trees loaded with presents decorated the gym. At the appointed hour the queen and her two attendants appeared out of Christmas boxes and bags of candy which were at one end of the gym, under a Christmas tree, very lovely in their appearance.

Kay Wagner was the first maid of honor and Frances Brandenburg the second maid of honor.

Sue is a senior, the business manager of the Linden Leaves, a member of Alpha Sigma Tau, Sigma Tau Delta, and Pi Gamma Mu.

Kay Wagner is from El Dorado, Kan., president of the junior class and a member of Alpha Sigma Tau.

Frances Brandenburg is from Pineville, Ky., the house president of Butler hall and treasurer of the Athletic association. She was the chairman of the Big Sisters sponsored by the Y.W.C.A.

Alpha Sigma Tau, the highest literary honor sorority, and Mu Phi Epsilon, highest honorary musical sorority, sponsored the dance.



At the right is Kay Wagner, first maid; at the left, Frances Brandenburg, second maid.

Linden Bark

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by the Department of Journalism

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TUESDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1938

The Linden Bark:

Announced by trumpets of the sky,
Arrives the snow, and, driving o'er the fields,
Seems nowhere to alight: the whited air
Hides hills and woods, the river and the heaven,
And veils the farm-house at the garden's end.
—Emerson, "The Snow-Storm".

Finding The True Meaning of Christmas: "Goodwill Toward Men"

Christmas spirit permeates the air; faces take on expectancy and are wreathed in smiles. Gayety possesses everyone. Christmas is a magical word for it recalls to one the brilliantly lighted trees, holly with its red berries, bright faces and, yes, the shiny round face of jolly St. Nick, the giving and receiving of gifts and the gaily colored wrappings. It brings a myriad of fond memories and vivid recollections; the carolers on Christmas Eve who softly sing the old, old hymns, and then are quiet. It is in this lull that thoughts turn toward the true meaning of Christmas. And although much of the meaning has been lost or forgotten, there still remains the story of Christ. Too many children have had the emphasis put on a Santa Claus which obliterates the significance of this Joyful Day.

Many, many years ago in a far-off land, a Star in the East led three wise men, shepherds, to a manger where a tiny baby had been born. This baby was called Jesus and it is for this birth, the birth of the Christ Child, that we now have Christmas.

Lindenwood is endeavoring to make someone's Christmas happier by each one dressing a doll for some poor kiddie. Let's all of us see if in some way we can make this the happiest Christmas of all time. In making someone else happy we will feel that inner joy that can come only from thinking of others.

Lindenwood Partakes In Pan-American Conference

Lindenwood students should have a special interest in the Pan-American conference that opened December 9 at Lima, Peru, due to the fact that Shirley Spalding, a junior at Lindenwood, lives in Lima, Peru. The discussion at this meeting is centered on the means of making the common defense of the Western Hemisphere more secure. The fighting strength and bases of these nations, which include Canada and 20 Latin-American republics, can do a great deal to aid the United States in upholding the Monroe Doctrine in case of any action on the part of any of the totalitarian states of Europe and Asia.

The resources of the possible allies of the United States (not counting our own) include an air force of about 200 planes, immense stores of important raw materials, considerably more than a million soldiers in uniform or reserve, many warships to form a fleet ranking around seventh in the navies of the world, and strategic naval bases.

The naval bases play a very important part in defense of the Western Hemisphere, as they must provide stores of ammunition, fuel, and food, and form a series of sheltered harbors where a fleet would be safe from enemy submarines and weather. They should be at least 2500 miles from each other in order to obtain fuel, and must have drydocks in order to repair damaged ships. The Pacific coast of the United States includes such bases as San Francisco, San Diego and Puget Sound. The many naval bases on the Atlantic coast of the United States include Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Norfolk, Washington, Portsmouth and Charleston—all of which are quite secure. The Panama Canal is a secure link and is heavily fortified between the Atlantic and Pacific. For the Gulf there are Pensacola and Guantanamo, Cuba, with the New Orleans base to be reopened soon. Pearl Harbor at Honolulu is most strategic for defenses in the Pacific.

The Atlantic side of South American bases includes Brazil with Rio de Janeiro as the most spacious harbor in the world, and Para and Pernambuco. Argentina has such bases as Buenos Aires, Rio Santiago, near La Plata, and Puerto Belgrano with a large drydock. Those on the Pacific side of South America include Chile with Talcahuano, Valparaiso, and Callao, near Lima, Peru, which is the only naval station between Valparaiso and the Panama Canal.

In addition to defense, these countries would supply the United States with resources and materials. Argentina could supply two battleships well equipped, two cruisers, nine destroyers and three submarines, thus possessing the best naval force of the South American countries and also could supply quantities of wool and hides. Chile has the most powerful battleship in southern waters and Brazil has two 20,000 ton battleships mounting 12 12-inch guns, plus a supply of valuable manganese and rubber. Other supplies would include Bolivia which is the leading producer of tin, and Mexico with huge quantities of oil.

This conference held at Lima, Peru, has taken into consideration all of these points and is truly a most significant meeting. It cannot help but indicate that the United States and the nations of the Western Hemisphere are uniting in a closer relationship. The fact that Shirley Spalding from Lima, Peru, is a student at Lindenwood might confirm this statement and make this conference particularly interesting to Lindenwood College.

CAMPUS DIARY

by
K.

Tuesday, Nov. 29: The Linden Barks came out. At least something to fill those empty P.O. boxes. Getting back into the spirit of school again. Six weeks exams 'n all. Appendectomies very contagious in Nicolls. Mary Jane Welch sporting a newly acquired Phi Psi pin. H. Jeanne not very modest about her Culver tennis medal. Potzy's back looking slightly frayed.

Thursday, Dec. 1: Music recital—very good. The dead-end kids from Eastlick give parlor tricks and fowl imitations in the tea-house. Helen Margaret contemplating a diet. Said "Rabbit, rabbit, rabbit."

Sunday, Dec. 4: Studied, played bridge and listened to the radio. Betty Minor still anticipating that Ann Arbor letter. "Loti" still lamenting the \$1.70 spent for luncheon Saturday. Rev. Frederick Niedner spoke in chapel. St. Charles play-boy courting one of the "girls" of the beauty court. Also Porter Woods squiring something new and different.

Monday, Dec. 5: Faculty recital given by Miss Walker and Mr. Thomas. Everyone attended, and spent a most enjoyable evening. Dr. Roemer announces vacation. Freshmen start packing—but after all vacation does begin the 16th.

Thursday, Dec. 8: Huge Birthday dinner, with every one in formal attire. Special tables for the birthday girls, also the faculty members that have had birthdays. No chapel. Nicolls Christmas tree makes its entrance and certainly the very essence of beauty.

Friday, Dec. 9: Alpha Psi Omega presented George Bernard Shaw's "Arms and the Man". Characterization excellent. Everyone retiring early. Must be in St. Louis and sway with the crowds. Last day of six weeks exams.

Sunday, Dec. 11: Mr. Fay speaks in chapel. Needless to say, everyone was there. The Christmas service was colorful, and you really get "that old feeling". The tree on campus adds much gaiety to the campus. Collections for Dr. King's Kiddies were taken, and everyone hopes they will even exceed the Thanksgiving offering.

Monday, Dec. 12: Every girl's as busy as a bee. Packing, wrapping presents, addressing Christmas cards 'n all. The dolls are on display, and just the very essence of femininity. Our huge Christmas party is held in the dining room. It's so wonderful seeing people receive gifts. At long last—the queen comes forth. Sue Sonnenday is proclaimed the most popular girl on Lindenwood campus. Sue well deserves this honor. Maidens to the queen, Kay Wagner and Frances Brandenburg.

Paying the Last Respects

Tuesday, November 29, at 2 p.m. at Washington, Mo., a number of the members of the faculty and the administrative staff, of Lindenwood attended the funeral of Dr. Schaper's mother, the late Mrs. Jessie Martin Schaper, wife of Judge Jesse Schaper. The services were held at the Presbyterian Church at Washington. Many beautiful floral wreaths were sent by friends and relatives. Among those present from Lindenwood were Dr. Roemer, Dean Gipson, Miss Cook, Miss Waye, Mrs. Zeisler, Miss Parker, Miss Sayre, Miss Hankins, Miss Wurster, Miss Hough, and Dr. and Mrs. Garnett, and Frank Whys.

From Lindenwood to Egypt

College Musician of a Year Ago
Writes from Luxor.

Dean Thomas and Mrs. Thomas have received a most interesting letter from Betty White who received her A.B. degree from Lindenwood last June and a diploma in music. Betty is now teaching music and English at the Dr. Carrie M. Buchanan Girls' Boarding School at the American Mission in Luxor, Egypt. Her experiences have been so interesting that they are well worth quoting.

Betty writes that she is rooming with a missionary. "We have a big back porch which looks out on the Nile, which is only a block from us, and the barren, sandstone mountains on the other side. We are at the edge of town about one and a half miles from Karnak. We went through some of the temples, which are quite huge and then climbed up to the top of the highest wall."

Speaking of her work Betty writes: "I play for chapel, Sunday School and church. It is a little tricky, for the music reads backwards. There are about 265 girls in the school of which about 44 are boarders. There are three Roda grades (beginners) 4 grades of primary and 4 of secondary—which goes through the junior year of high school. There are 13 Egyptian teachers and four Americans."

Betty also wrote of her trip to Egypt. "Due to war, we did not stop at Gibraltar; but we were heavily watched as we went through and we saw many signal and search lights on both sides of the strait. We saw several boats sailing in darkness with only a search light, and it was playing on the plane overhead. We went up to Notre Dame de Garde. Then we stopped at Naples, going through Pompei and taking the famous and beautiful Amalfi Drive. We landed in Alexandria the first of September after being on the water 15 days. When I arrived here the Nile overflow was on and all the fields were flooded. They say it is the highest it's been in over 50 years."

Tells of Lindenwood In National Art Work

The very elaborate Sketchbook of Kappa Pi, international college honorary art fraternity, in its fall number, just issued, gives several beautiful illustrations of Lindenwood College, including the Lindenwood Gateway, and also, under the caption, "A Glimpse of Kappa Chapter", a picture presents Lindenwood's art studio. Kappa chapter's activities on the Lindenwood campus are recounted, and there is a roster of the students here who are members of the fraternity in its Kappa chapter.

Dr. Linneman, first national vice-president of Kappa Pi, appears in a group photographed last spring, at the time of the national Kappa Pi convention in St. Louis, when, it will be remembered, Dr. Linneman was local convention manager. In his accompanying report of the convention, it is recorded that music numbers were given by Miss Englehart of the faculty, and that Alice Jones, a Lindenwood student, sang, with Mary Ahmann, accompanist. Mention is made of the hospitable luncheon at the Park Plaza Hotel, at which Dr. Linneman was hostess to the convention's national officers.

Kappa Pi, it is stated in the Sketchbook, has added several new chapters in different colleges in the last half-year.

The LINDEN BARK is happy to present the winners in the Christmas story contest. Competition was especially keen this year, and the task of the judges not easy. Readers of the BARK will agree, we are sure, that the stories printed here treat the age-old, yet ever-fresh theme of Christmas with commendable originality and interesting variety. Psychological analysis, awareness of the contemporary scene, rich fantasy, local color—all these are represented, and with them, most important of all, in every story a real interpretation of the Christmas message.

PRIZE STORY

HE BOUGHT A VOICE

By Mary Esther Roberts

The bricks were dirty. They were cracked and gouged out in places. They were the same bricks that Saul had watched carefully for six weeks hoping to see some change, but they were always the same bricks. The fact that those bricks were the barrier that was causing Saul to sit in the same chair, to sleep on the same steel cot, to pace the inevitable four steps from the little barred window to the iron-faced door and back again hundreds of times each day, had been forgotten in the constant galling, deadly monotonously slow passage of the dreary, endless days.

Six weeks of waiting, for what? Even the question of waiting for something had gradually eased itself from his mind. He sometimes woke in the morning—or was it morning? What did it matter?—and looked around and wondered where he was. And then he would remember. He would remember not the events that led up to his crime—did he doubt it himself?—but what came after. It was all very hazy how it had happened, but what came after was like a horrible dream, but too real to be even mistaken for a child's nightmare.

If only he hadn't seen that shiny pistol that had shouted to him—called out his name from the shop window. It had said, "I am the voice that they will hear. I am small, but when I sound my voice, I will be heard around the world. I am 'Protest'." And he had bought that voice—his own vocal chords starved into atrophy, the mute had bought a voice. He had intended that sound to be a saviour, but now it kept resounding, shrieking, ringing in his ears, calling him the awful epithet the Christians had been calling him and his race for centuries, "Crucifier!" The terrible word rose higher and higher until it crescendoed into a thumping that shook his very frame.

He remembered his childhood. Pushed, shunned, laughed at, he had always been able to buy his way back in—the shekels passed as a magic word and the gates opened to him. It had not been bad. True, there was a jealousy of his father's shrewdness. He had felt it then—a smoldering resentment that had now soared to the heights of a bonfire. Not the bonfire of pure hatred, but a human bonfire that cried for flesh with the same eager crazed lust as that of a throat-parched man in crying for water when he has been miraculously rescued from a desert. Saul had respected his countrymen, for they were his countrymen. What other place could he call home? What other land would take him and his people now that they were being driven like cattle to a slaughtering ground? Saul had been one of the so-called fortunate stampedeers. He had escaped the chutes, but had run in the wrong direction. (Was there a right direction?) For his captors had refused to give him a field to plow or a cart to draw, but had only promised him a short holiday, after which he would be sent back—back to slaughter. After a continued and oppressing pattern of life has been established around a man, he will either fall in to it and become actively a part of it or he will rebel forcefully and strongly. Saul did both. Slaughter and interference had be-

come so much of his life that he resorted to it in rebelling. He was young and eager and alive—once. Now his spirit was broken and he was helpless. Then he saw his father, the one man dearer than all else to him in the world, stripped of all he had worked for, made a pauper and threatened with death and torture like the witches of ancient times and the cast-off paramours of royalty. So he had rebelled. He had rebelled in the only way he knew how: by shooting a member of the government that was oppressing him and his race. And what had been the outcome of his deed? He had meant to give his own life that was worth so little, but now his whole race was paying with its very life blood. Crucifier, crucifier of his own race.

Bells tolled outside, outside his bricks. A religious solemnity prevailed throughout the city. It was Christmas. The Christians were celebrating their Jesus Christ's birthday and a whole race of which he was a member was being killed. Christmas. Oh, to be out and doing something. Suddenly the bricks formed a cross; it was a flaming red cross. Why did it shout love and mock? The Christians taught love and peace and the brotherhood of man. So they kept him in this place, this dungeon that kept his body restrained as the Dictator had done to his mind for these years. The Christians were reveling, they were happy, they were celebrating; it was Christmas. Oh, to be out, to get away, to hurt the Christians as they were hurting him. But where to go? Would he be considered a hero or the nemesis of the Jew's race? Bells tolled and pictures of riot and heartbreak and privation loomed up on the bricks. Outside people were happy. Jesus Christ's birthday.

Back in that land from whence he had come, was there joy? Were they worshipping? No, they had long since abandoned their religion for something called loyalty to the state and the dictator; they had lost their Jesus and they were taking on the likeness of barbarians. This Man, who was he? This Jewish carpenter who had made history, who had lived and walked the earth and whom the Christians called divine, a spiritual being? The cross on the wall became brighter. The Man, the Jew, who had died on that cross was sacred to them as Jehova was to him. They loved him, they worshipped him. He was their symbol. The Christians in other parts of the world were feeling the plight of his race; was this man Jesus Christ the symbol of love? It was Christmas and the people were happy.

Saul dropped to his knees and raised his heavy, sorrow-filled eyes up past the bricks to heaven.

"Jehova, Mighty over all, I await the coming of my Messiah, but give these people back their Jesus Christ that they might know thy spirit and thy power. If thou hast seen fit to make this man their guide, give him back to them that they might once more know thy love and thy compassion. Oh, Jehova, mighty over all."

FIRST HONORABLE MENTION

NOT AMONG PRINCES

By Ann Ayres Earickson

Christmas in New Mexico was more than just a time for giving presents and eating turkey. Everything seemed to work in harmony so that it might form a perfect tribute

to the Christ Child. The days were cold and crisp and the sunshine sparkled on the "just enough" covering of snow which enveloped rolling plains and gently sloping hills. The nights, when the stars hung so low that one might touch them (if he stood on tip-toe), fitted together to make an unbroken season of rejoicing for every soul.

That is to say, every soul but one. This particular soul was young—twelve years old his last birthday. He worked hard every crisp December day, for his father had died the year before, and he was "the man of the house". He cared for the livestock, which consisted of one cow and one very small donkey; he carried wood from the hills which lay nearly half a mile distant from his casa; he advised his mother, disciplined his younger brothers and sisters, and cared for his grandmother; in short, the burdens of a household rested on his slim shoulders. His name was Juan Gonzales.

Until this year, Juan had gone to school. At Christmas-time, the pretty *maestra* had always supervised a program, and there had been candy and nuts afterwards. But this year he did not go to school; a man with a family could not spare the time. Juan's father had died six months before when a wall of water swept down the dry stream which he was crossing, and he was drowned with hardly a gurgle. Beans and chile had come scarcely, and sometimes not at all, after that. Christmas this year meant nothing, not even the bags of candy and nuts from the school.

On this particular crisp, snowy, December twenty-fourth, Juan dragged a load of wood up the steep path which led to the little adobe hut he called home. He pushed open the door and stumbled into the dim, smokey, little room which served as bedroom, kitchen, and general living-room. His mother was busy at the tiny stove, his aged grandmother sat rocking and muttering in one corner of the room, and his small sister was playing on the floor.

"Buenos tardes, Madre," he said, as he dropped the heavy load of wood into the box near the stove. "It's cold, and the wood was hard to find."

Dona Gonzales turned a patient, wear face to her oldest son. "Si, nino mio," she sighed "wood is hard to find; food is hard to find; clothes are hard to find. It is not a merry Christmas for us."

Juan did not answer. He slowly brushed the front of his coat, as he thought of the unfairness of it all. The children in town had candy, parties, perhaps even a Santa Claus—he had nothing. Nothing save a hut, a worried mother, and a disappointed family. He started for the door.

"Where are you going, my son?" asked his mother. "Supper is nearly ready. See, already the *chile con carne* is boiling. Smell how good! You had better sit down."

Juan had reached the door. Suddenly he whirled about. "Sit down! Eat *chile con carne* when it is Christmas Eve! *Madre de Dios*, Mother! All year I eat chile, and when Christmas comes I still must eat it! I want to leave here! I can't stay! I can't!" and with that he rushed out, slamming the door behind him.

Juan's mother turned again to the stove with a weary smile. He is but a little boy," she said.

Juan ran down the steep slope up-

on which the house stood, and flung himself into the snow at the foot of a giant pine. For perhaps ten minutes he lay sobbing, but gradually he became quiet. Finally he sat up, leaned against the tree, and began tracing figures in the snow. After a while he slowly rose and looked about him. Where could he go? Not back to the house, for he dreaded the sympathy of his mother. Not out into the woods, for it was becoming bitterly cold. Suddenly he had an idea. Why not go to the church? After all, it was Christmas Eve, and all good people went to church on Christmas. With a little smile, he thought that this was one thing he could do—one thing which did not cost money.

The little mission church stood about a quarter of a mile from Juan's home. It was built in a small valley between two of the rolling hills. On this particular night, snow covered the little peaked roof of the church, and blanketed the cemetery behind it. The tall pines surrounding it glimmered in the moonlight as they gently waved their magnificent branches. Juan pushed open the heavy door, and after a moment of reverent gazing, knelt before the dimly lighted altar.

"Dios, Padre Todopoderoso" he whispered, "I don't ask for much this Christmas. Just a gift—a little gift, is all I want. That's all, God—just a gift."

"You don't want much, my boy," said a deep voice behind Juan. For a second Juan believed that God must be talking to him. Then he quickly turned about.

"Oh, Father Benedict," he gasped, "you frightened me! I did not know you were in the church."

The kindly eyes of the old priest twinkled. "Yes, my boy. I always spend Christmas Eve in my church. Often it is profitable, for I hear many worth-while things. Come, son, let us sit down, and you may tell me what you would like—as a gift."

The old priest and the little boy sat down upon one of the rude benches facing the altar. For a while they sat in silence, then Father Benedict smiled. "You ask for gifts, my boy," he said. "Why do you fear that you will have no gifts?"

Then, before he knew it, Juan was telling Father Benedict the whole story—the death of his father, his responsibilities, the poverty, the hunger, the work, the deadly monotony—all of it came out in one uninterrupted flood. At the end, Father Benedict smiled. "So many think as you do—and make the same mistake," he said. "Come, my son, and I will give you your gifts."

Together they walked to the door of the church. Father Benedict opened it, and put his arm about Juan. "Stand here, boy," he whispered, "and I will give you the most precious gifts you have ever received. You want Christmas trees. I know. Then look at the slope across the valley. See those magnificent trees? See how they glimmer and shine? Could tinsel and ten cent ornaments make them more beautiful? And you want candles to place in your windows and on your altar. Look up, boy, look up! Do you see them? Steadfast, glimmering, eternal candles—they will never go out and leave you in the dark, alone. The stars are God's own candles! And for psalms, for Christmas music, do you hear the sweet whisperings of the wind? Beautiful! And now we must have a touch of color in our Christmas scene. What about

those strings of chile I saw hanging on your house? Are they not perfect for holly? Now the scene is laid, and we are ready for the gift. Your mother, your sisters and brothers, your grandmother—all will join in the giving of this present. They trust and respect you, boy. They love you—and what is more precious than the love of our dear ones? Nothing, son; there is nothing that can compare with that. Is it not more valuable to you than two hundred trifling toys? There, son, I have given you the gifts. Go now, and have the merriest Christmas of your life!"

Juan found himself standing in the snow before the church, with a choked-up feeling in his throat. The bitterness was gone—the night was serene and beautiful. He began to run toward home and his mother. At the top of the hill he paused to look out over a wealth of Christmas trees—his Christmas trees!

SECOND HONORABLE MENTION
in equal rank, Vi Ella Smerling
and Johnsie Flock.

THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS

By Johnsie Flock

* To be read by the firelight on the night before Christmas while the snow falls silently without.

"Why should I be good?" cried the little princess defiantly. "I don't want anything for Christmas. I have a doll and skates and all the rest. And I'm sick and tired of everything." Her skirts swished as she lifted them and planted a little gold sandal squarely upon a bright-colored crystal ball. It lay there in sparkling fragments among all the toys. The queen clasped her hands and her mouth was a round "O" of horror. The king looked very stern. The wise men fidgeted.

The great marble halls resounded to the staccato sound of her running steps as she fled. Slipping through the massive doors, she ran on across the blazing whiteness of the snow. From the branches of the great evergreens drifted glistening snowflakes across her dark hair and were caught in the deep folds of her royal robes. Beyond the outermost gate of the castle, from which the roads radiated like rays from a star, stood a child. Beside her in the snow were little earthen pots in which grew flowers. Impulsively she cried to the little princess.

"Your highness, please stop a moment. I—I want to give you something—"

"You want to give me something!" the little princess responded scornfully.

"Tomorrow is Christmas, and I—"

"And if I'm good the silly Spirit of Christmas in shiny white robes will bring me gifts. I know. Who are you and what are you doing here at my father's gate?"

"I am Leonaia, daughter of Chloe, seller of purple. In the summer I plant seeds and in the autumn I tend them so that I may bring them forth to sell to travelers at Christmas-tide." the child explained. "You will have so many beautiful things, I know. But I do want to give you—this." In the pot which she held out to the princess was a tiny fir tree, imperfectly shaped. "It is the only Christmas tree I have."

The laughter of the little princess tinkled with the silvery sound of icicles brushing together in the wind.

"Leonaia, daughter of Chloe, keep your skippy little fir tree. Tomorrow I shall have one greater than you have ever seen. Tall and glittery with ropes and balls and silver and gold pendants."

Gathering up her skirts, the little

princess stepped proudly down the path toward the forest beyond which lay the Sea of Saniamaria. The snow-clasped trees were silver filigree in which was set the blue-green jewel of the lake. The way was narrow and curving back upon itself. The little gold sandals became heavy with snow.

"You have come a long way." From beside her came a voice with the sound of a flute in the crystalline air.

"Yes", assented the little princess, not moving her eyes from the forest.

"You didn't really want thus to come out into the snow. You are cold. Shall we not return?"

"No!" decreed the princess. "They will come for me with the sleigh. From the horses' hoofs snow will fly up in little clouds, and there will be bells jangling on their harnesses. The queen, my mother, will hold me in her arms and weep over me and we will all go back to the castle."

"You have been gone a long time." "They will come for me soon."

"Why?"

"Why! Because they are sorry to have made me angry. Because it is Christmas tomorrow and the royal family always has a great deal to do before Christmas."

"What must they do?"

"The king must care for his people especially at Christmas and give them presents and see that they are happy."

"What do you do at Christmas time?"

"I am the princess. And on Christmas day everyone brings me gifts and is terrified if I am not pleased."

"I see", said the voice in sombre music. "Are you happy then?"

"I suppose so."

"The sun is going down. They will not come for you."

"How can you know—Oh! what shall I do if they don't come?"

"Yes", said the voice; "what are you going to do?"

The little princess began to weep stormily. "They can't have Christmas without me!"

"Why not? They are busy and they will forget you. Who will there be to care? They will be glad they need not try to please you."

"Oh, when my father was slow in returning once after a journey to a far land, all the people went out to search for him. They all love him."

"Yes. Do you know the reason?"

"Why, we rules them wisely and is good to them, giving—"

"Yes?"

"But I—Is it then because—I want them to love me. I want them to care if I am slow in returning. They are my people. I want to be good to them. I want them to be happy!"

"It is a long way back and the sun is setting. Shall we turn?"

"Yes, oh, yes! I must find Leonaia. She had a beautiful little tree and many flowers that she had planted in little earthen pots. The blossoms were bright against the snow."

A tall figure clad in shining white robes dissolved into the mists of the gathering dusk. The princess had wandered far from the path and she must rediscover it before the sun passed in flames beyond the rim of the sea. She ran, half-stumbling, through the forest.

"Little princess!" came a childish cry thinly. The little princess sped sobbing toward the sound. Only a little way from the path which led from the castle of the king to the Sea of Saniamaria, the two children met, Leonaia, daughter of Chloe, and the princess, daughter of the king.

"Why have you come?" asked the princess.

"I was afraid you might forget

how soon the night comes and fail to return before it grew dark."

"Why should you care? I was not kind to you."

"You are the princess. Those of the royal house never intend to do hurt to their subjects. I knew that something must be very wrong."

"You see, I have not understood—" she did not finish. The two trudged on in silence and then the princess said, "What would you like more than anything in the world, Leonaia?"

"To make you happy, your highness. Then I should be glad, too."

"You want most to give me happiness. And that is what my father wants to give to his people. It seems that one must give happiness to have it for oneself. . . . Leonaia, I should most like to have the tiny fir tree."

Eyes luminous with joy, the child drew forth from her cloak the little tree in its earthen pot.

"It is the most beautiful tree in all the world!" said the princess softly, placing it there in the snow. Before their eyes, the little tree sprang into glory, and it stood there straight and tall, taller than any of the multitude of trees beyond the gate. The last rays of the descending sun fell upon the bright crystal globes and the twisted ropes and the gold pendants which swung from the branches. Suddenly they found themselves within the great throne-room of the castle. The queen clasped the little princess in her arms while the king stood beside them proudly and the wise men sagely nodded.

"I have come back to my people. Come! There is a great deal to be done so that they may be happy this Christmas-tide." The little princess held closely in hers the hand of Leonaia, daughter of Chloe, and she smiled to the ethereal figure in shining raiment which stood beside her—the spirit of Christmas.

BLESSED ARE THE PERSECUTED

By ViElla Smerling

Joseph Gravetti was not Semitic. Of a fine Italian family, he was as clean shaven as a newly plastered wall, as tall as a spring cupola and dark as gathering clouds before a storm. It was near Christmas and indeed a storm had come. A horrible storm of persecution that had little mercy and no conscience.

Joe, like most Christians, was looking anxiously forward to Christmas. Tony had telephoned that there was something important he wanted to tell him but Joe forgot about the call in the glad thought that he was going to spend the holiday with him. Still he was not completely happy because of public affairs at this time. A racial hatred had swept through the country and Joe felt the sting of these actions though they had not touched him personally.

In his beautiful big house Joe sat very still. He had plenty to eat and good red wine to drink, but even this did not cheer him. Even having the best brother in the world did not stop the hurt he felt in his heart for his less fortunate neighbors. He threw himself down upon a couch and tried to think. All his life he had lived surrounded by Jews and he had loved them as friends and companions. He still lived in the same neighborhood but had now built up a large fortune with his own skill and mind. It was all his. He had earned it. Now he would rest, he wanted to forget about the world and its cares. But somehow he could not get the horrible thoughts of persecution out of his

mind. Joe the great dramatist was rich and famous. What more could he ask? Joe was broadminded, which was one explanation for his having so many friends. Many of them were Jews, but a narrow-minded government had decreed that an Italian must not mingle with a Jew. These Jews, his friends, who were they? Were they not the ones who had encouraged him to write and improve his talent? Were they not the people who had purchased his books, who had made him famous and had given him wealth? Was it not his Jewish producer friends who had made his plays a smashing success before the lights? Did not these people give friendly and encouraging criticism in the newspapers? Was he not living partly off their money?

Then he remembered that the ruler of Italy had decorated him with the insignia of the Order of Saint Maurice and Lazare. He recalled how he was magnificently received in Rome, it was not so long ago. With a sudden jerk he sat up and looked out of the window. It was night outdoors but a star-dotted sky seemed to light up the night. There were three taps on the door. Going quietly to the door he asked, "Who is it?"

"It's me, Tony", came a soft voice. Quickly Joe opened the door. Tony, his ball-shaped brother, hunched through the door. Joe shut the door and came over to him.

"What has happened, Tony?" Joe looked almost frightened.

"My wife and I—we are leaving Italy", he said, not daring to look at his brother for fear of losing his steadiness.

"Tony—Tony why? What's the matter? Why are you going? You can't leave me, leave Italy. He spoke in frightened gasps.

"It is because of Marie. Her grandfather was Jewish. The government says that makes her a Jew. Maybe they will try to break up our marriage, or take away my job and money. Joe", he said firmly, "I must leave you."

"How could they do that to you, Tony? Our father and mother were born here. Our grandparents I've had here and our great-grandparents—and farther back than that."

"Nevertheless they can. By Christmas time we will be safely out of here. You are a success and have been granted honors by the government. You will be safe here. Your fame has brought you friends; they will be your companions. I have only my family." Tony rose as he said, "Marie is waiting for me, I must go."

Tony strode to the door and Joe followed speechless and weary. The brothers shook hands, both struggling to hide any emotion. They lingered an extra moment on their handshake.

The door shut and Joe was again alone. What should he do without Tony? How could his beloved Italy do this to him? 'Christmas without Tony. Lonely. Empty. I must see Tony, I must see Tony.' A day passed and he was still in the same bewildered state of mind. Suddenly his racing thoughts halted and as in a daze he heard himself say, "I will see Tony; I will go to Tony." He got up quickly and walked to his desk on the other side of the room. Tony's words clung to his brain: "My wife has Jewish blood, I must leave while I can". Deftly he handled his pen and wrote a letter that was clear in its simplicity. It was addressed to a certain Senator M. and in it he enclosed his decorations.

Sir,

I could no longer regard it as an honor to wear this rosette while you are persecuting in the name

of racism of recent invention, Italian citizens who are without reproach.

Joseph Gravetti

Then he rose, hastily glanced at his watch and began to empty his drawers into suitcases. He packed quickly, for he was happy now. He would meet Tony. He would go with him. He would be with Tony Christmas.

New Library Books

The following books of fiction and general interest have been added to the library recently and are in active circulation.

FICTION:

Barnes, M.A., Wisdom's Gate.
 Bentley, Phyllis, Sleep in Peace.
 Bottome, Phyllis, Mortal Storm.
 Busey, Garetta, Windbreak.
 Caldwell, Taylor, Dynasty of Death.
 Christie, Agatha, Appointment With Death.
 Coatsworth, Elizabeth, Here I Stay.
 Corbett, Elizabeth, She Was Carrie Eaton.
 De La Roche, Mazo, Growth of a Man.
 Du Maurier, Daphne, Rebecca.
 Eberhart, M.G., Glass Slipper.
 Field, Rachel, All This, and It's Even Too.
 Fleming, Berry, To the Market Place.
 Flint, Margaret, Deacon's Road.
 Foster, Michael, To Remember at Midnight.
 Gray, James, Wings of Great Desire.
 Haines, E.I., Exquisite Siren.
 Heyer, Georgette, A Blunt Instrument.
 Hughes, R.A.W., In Hazard.
 Hutchinson, A.S.M., As Once You Were.
 Kaye-Smith, Sheila, Valiant Woman.
 Krey, Laura, And Tell of Time.
 Marks, Percy, What's A Heaven For?
 Masfeld, John, Dead End.
 Meller, Sidney, Roots in the Sky.
 Miller, M. M., First the Blade.
 Nordhoff, Chas. & Hall, J. N., Dark River.
 O. Henry Prize Stories of 1938.
 Phillipotts, Eden, Lycanthrope.
 Queen, Ellery, Four of Hearts.
 Rawlings, M.K., The Yearling.
 Roberts, E.M., Black is My True-love's Hair.
 Saroyan, Wm., Trouble with Tigers.
 Selby, Mabel, Listening House.
 Thirkell, Angela, Pomfret Towers.
 Turnbull, A.S., Remember the End.
 Van Dine, S.S., Gracie Allen Murder Case.
 Walpole, Hugh, Joyful Delaneys.
 Wharton, Edith, The Buccaneers.
 Yenni, J.T., This is Me, Kathie.
 Young, F.B., Dr. Bradley Remembers.

BIOGRAPHY:

Armstrong, M.N., Fanny Kemble, Passionate Victorian.
 Aughinbaugh, W.E., I Swear by Apollo.
 Duffus, R.L., Lillian Wald, Neighbor and Crusader.
 Ely, R.T., Ground under Our Feet.
 Farrar, Geraldine, Such Sweet Compulsion.
 Fullop-Miller, Rene, Triumph over Pain.
 Hagedorn, Hermann, Edwin Arlington Robinson.
 Hertzler, A.E., Horse and Buggy Doctor.
 Hindus, Maurice, Green Worlds.
 Lanchester, Elsa, Charles Laughton and I.
 Lehmann, Lotte, Midway in My Song.
 Lyson & Limpus, This Man La Guardia.

Maugham, W. Somerset, Summing Up.
 Sava, George, The Healing Knift.
 Sutherland, J.R., Defoe.
 van Doren, Carl, Benjamin Franklin.

GENERAL:

Adamic, Louis, My America,
 Atherton, G.F., Can Women Be Gentlemen?
 Halsey, Margaret, With Malice Toward Some.
 Hogben, L.T., Science for the Citizen.
 Lindbergh, Anne M., Listen! the Wind.
 McKenney, Ruth, My Sister Eileen.
 Mantle, Burns, Best Plays of 1937-1938.
 Powys, J.C., Enjoyment of Literature.
 Skinner, C.O., Dithers and Jitters.
 Vandercook, J.W., Caribbee Cruise.

Vesper Sermon By Dr. Dobson

"Building And Furnishing a House"

Sunday, November 13, Dr. R. Calvin Dobson, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, St. Louis, delivered the sermon at vespers. "Ave Maria" was sung by the choir.

Dr. Dobson in the beginning of his sermon paid tribute to Mrs. Roemer, saying that her influence on the lives of those about her had built a living memorial. His subject was, "Building and Furnishing a House". He took his text from the Proverbs of Solomon, wise man of ancient times—"By wisdom is a house built, by understanding it is established, and by wisdom it is furnished."

Solomon knew what he was talking about, Dr. Dobson said, for he had furnished his temple. He made it a beautiful place. It was a place in which people lived and served and loved and obeyed and ruled." He said that wisdom was required in the building and furnishing of a small house as well as a large one. The most important house which one must build and furnish is the house of the soul. The comparison of the house to the body is often used in the scriptures. Christ called his body a house.

First, Dr. Dobson said, we must have a strong foundation for the house of the soul. As an architect must study and have a model for his house, so we have the model of the life of Christ for our soul. In the olden days, houses were surrounded by high walls and moats. We must guard against temptation by filling our minds with good and noble things. The first chamber of the soul is that of Imagination which is the gallery where we accumulate the treasures of knowledge. It is a storehouse of external senses which must be assorted by reason. "The chamber of Imagination is the prophet of the future, the workman of the soul". The second chamber is that of Memory. Great care must be taken in assorting memories, or it will become cluttered in old age. Third is the Toil Chamber, the workshop of our lives wherein are stored the intellectual tools. Most important is the application of this knowledge. It is necessary to realize that life is one of Service. Last and most important is the Chamber of Affection—"the Holy of Holies" of the soul. If we love our friends and enemies as He asked, we shall be all the more close to Him. Dr. Dobson closed saying "We can build this house of the soul, and we can establish this house so that no enemies can assail it, and we can furnish this house of the soul with all pleasant and precious riches if we look to the divine artist, the masterbuilder"

Harmonious Cooperation For 1939 Linden Leaves

Great progress is being made with this year's annual. All girls have had their pictures taken, and all proofs are to be in before vacation. The fact that all pictures of the various classes will be at the engraver's by December 16, insures a great reduction in price. This leaves so much more for the remainder of the book. The annual this year is to carry many pages of candid shots.

Sue Sonnenday, head of the business department, reports that advertisements are being brought in continually, and that all members of the business staff are giving wholehearted support. The "Linden Leaves" of 1939 promises to be bigger and better than ever.

Student Recital

One of Best Recently

Students in the music Department gave a piano, voice, and violin recital Thursday morning, December 1, in Roemer Hall.

The recital was one of the finest of the year. In the piano group Ann Taylor played *Sonata C minor, Op. 10, No. 1, First Movement* by Beethoven; Pearl Lucille Lammers, *Serenade To the Moon* by Pugno; and Virginia Smith, *Sonata, D minor, Op. 31, No. 2, First Movement* by Beethoven.

In the voice group Elaine Reid sang *L'Escalve* by Lalo and *My Johann* by Grieg. She was followed by Maxine Bucklew who sang *Memories* by Jesse Moore Wise and *When You Go* by Guion. Dorothy Rhea sang *Revery* by Arensky and *Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind* by Beethoven. For the violin Marjorie Collins played *La Folia* by Corelli-Spalding.

Business Girls Afar Remember Lindenwood

Miss Allyn has received letters from many of her old girls, formerly students in the business department.

Sarah Levine of Mt. Vernon, N. Y. was married recently to Mr. Harry Kupansky. Phyllis Durbahn, Highland Park, Ill., is secretary to a physician in her city. She enjoys her work very much. Mildred Faye Niedergerke is working in St. Louis and is very grateful for the business training she received at Lindenwood. Mrs. Keith Alan Freseman, known at Lindenwood as Phyllis Boves, is in Washington, D. C. She tells of an active Lindenwood club in her city and hopes to return to our campus some time during the year.

Minna Krakauer from Chihuahua, Mexico, writes to inquire about the commercial department and its members. Ruth Austin is working as secretary for one of the members of the firm of Staley Starch Company, Decatur, Ill. Helen Brown was married to Robert A. Miller, October 1, and Marv Elizabeth Achard to Mr. Keith Grey Bregenzer, September 11.

Corrine Paulsen is working in Omaha. She tells of the active Lindenwood club which they have there, members of which are Joy Branek, and Ruth Friedman, who also attended Lindenwood. Virginia Aylesworth is working in the office of a sporting goods company in Chicago and enjoys her work very much.

The weekly meeting of the Y. W. C. A. was held in the club rooms Wednesday evening, December 7. Christmas carols were sung, and the girls worked on the dolls for Dr. King's Kiddies.

WHO'S WHO

Small and blonde from Idaho
 President of Beta Chi,
 Sometimes she wears her blonde
 curls low,
 And sometimes swings them high.

On the Board from Eastlick hall,
 Raquel was glad to meet her,
 For English had begun to pall
 This girl's Spanish sounded
 sweeter.

Petite and busy with ready smile
 A senior and not aloof,
 In chapel often heard to say
 "Please turn in your proof".

Styles in Fashion

For Lindenwood party-goers the shops are full of smart clothes. The formals this year have loads of style, and do so much to one's figure, in other words they have—umph. Waistlines are still small, and fitted, sometimes even cosaletted. One beautiful creation by Chanel is made of white lace with rows and rows of delicate lace inserted in the skirt in a tailored fashion. Pleats press their way into everything with even an entire evening dress pleated. Some of the dresses with puff sleeves and a decorous neck seem to have stepped straight out of a daguerreotype. To keep in character, tie a velvet ribbon around your throat, another around your wrist.

When choosing a dress for the holiday dances, nothing could be prettier than a billowy white net. One new model was a particularly stunning strapless gown with a tiny waistline and a voluminous skirt of frothy net, accented with silver sequins. Even the neckline featured the new sweetheart style, which is so becoming to the college girls with their new up-swept coiffure. Another lovely dress was of white satin pleated from the shoulder to the hemline. The perfect simplicity of the gown was relieved by a green jeweled clip at the neckline. A heavenly shade of aquamarine fashioned an exquisite chiffon gown by Louise Mulligan. The neckline was extremely low with a wide band of rhinestones as trimming. Glittering jewels were scattered throughout the skirt and bodice giving a most glamorous effect. Any girl would revel in a luscious pink tulle formal with a bodice of brilliant sequins. With such a gala array of attractive dresses this season it should not be difficult to choose one, or if fortunate enough, to have several new ones for the galaxy of holiday dances.

Learning New Dances

At the meeting of Tau Sigma, dance sorority, December 5, three members presented solo dances. They were Jean Clark who gave a modern dance, Laura Nell Harris who did a ballet, and Margaret Sandoe who gave an Oriental slave dance. These were all original compositions by the girls. In addition, four other members taught dances and parts of dances to the rest of the members. Peggy Hocker taught part of an Hawaiian dance. Charlotte Cheng also taught part of a dance entitled "In a Canoe". Mary Catherine Farr taught a Mexican step, and Barbara Jean Clark taught a tap number.

The group is going in to the Ballet Russe which will appear in St. Louis January 6 and 7.

Importance of The Nursing Profession

Lindenwood Exhibits Outstanding Women in the Nursing Field of Today.

Nursing as a profession has had an interesting history, as is suggested by the vocational exhibit of the last two weeks in Dean Jackson's reception room, "Women in Nursing". For those who live in the twentieth century when medicine is a science as well as an art, it is difficult to visualize the unsanitary and unhygienic conditions of the past.

First in the mind of every nurse and also of those not of the profession is the courageous Florence Nightingale, recognized as the founder of trained nursing. She prepared the way for more timid souls who would not break from the accepted social life for women of her time. She volunteered as a nurse during the Crimean War, and her work has been acclaimed by all. She, herself, founded a nursing school. Until her death she was active in the forwarding of nursing. Her biography by Laura E. Richards is in the exhibit.

In the United States, nursing did not begin until three-quarters of a century ago. The progress of the hospitals has been remarkable—from the pest-houses of the past to the modern hospitals of the present. Standards are continually being raised for nurses. Their work covers many fields. In **Nursing as a Profession**, by Esther Lucile Brown, a table giving the ratio of nurses in the years 1900 and 1930 shows a great increase,—from 11,804 nurses in a population of 75,994,575, to 153,803 in a population of 122,775,046. There is always a great demand for women in this profession, and since the Social Security Act there has been a great demand for public health nurses.

On exhibition in Dean Jackson's reception room were pictures of many of the women foremost in nursing, who prove the worth of the struggle of the past. Pictures, and bulletins, loaned by the National League of Nursing Education through the kindness of Claribel Wheeler, tell of their services to humanity. Among these bulletins are **Leaders of American Nursing** and **Early Leaders of American Nursing**. Miss Sayre, Lindenwood nurse, also loaned two bulletins.

Outstanding in the nursing field of today is Claribel Wheeler, Executive Secretary of the National League of Nursing Education. She was formerly director of the Training School for Nurses at Washington University.

Another famous woman is Major Julia C. Stimson, formerly of St. Louis, daughter of the Dr. Henry Stimson, a St. Louis pastor. She is a graduate of Vassar who did notable service during the World War. The list of her accomplishments is long. She has been superintendent since 1919 and Major since 1920 of Army Nurse Corps, United States War Department. She was chief nurse of the Red Cross Nursing service in France, director of the nursing service of the A.E.F., and acting superintendent of the Army Nurse Corps. In addition to all this, she was dean of the Army School of Nursing in Washington, D. C. Another notable is Annie Goodrich, first director of the Yale School of Nursing, affiliated with Yale University. She had the great honor of being the first woman on the Yale faculty. Successor to Miss Goodrich as dean of the School of Nursing at Yale University is Effie J. Taylor, president of the International Council of Nurses.

Also famous is Nellie Hawkinson

who was formerly with the training school of Western Reserve. She is professor of nursing education at the University of Chicago, and president of the National League of Nursing Education. Another famous woman is Katharine Tucker, director of nursing education at the University of Pennsylvania, and very active in Public Health Nursing. Additional women in the exhibition were Miss Isabel Hampton Robb, Sister M. Domitilla, and Mrs. Mary Breckinbridge who founded and directed the Frontier Nursing Association; also Jane A. Delano, Anna C. Jamme, Laura R. Logan, Carrie M. Hall, Louise M. Powell, and Mary M. Roberts.

Quite recently, Red Cross Nursing has shown its great service to humanity in time of disaster. The Red Cross did notable work during the recent flood. In addition to aid given in any time of distress, they are continually supplying nurses through the Red Cross Health Nurses.

Thanking God For Our Blessings

Sunday evening, December 4, Rev. Frederic Neidner spoke at vespers. His text was Matthew 11:25.

He said that in this passage Jesus thanked God for just the things for which we should thank God. He thanked Him for material and spiritual things and for the Gospel.

We should thank Him for the gospel for three reasons: first because of its divine origin, secondly because of the fact that it is revealed to all and thirdly, because of the comfort it contains.

The gospel of Jesus contains comfort for all. It takes away all fear of death and brings God near. It is a very wonderful and welcome message. There has never been another like it. However, there is one point which has to be settled. Is it true? Can it be depended on? Jesus said, "All things are delivered into my hands."

The second reason why we should thank God for this gospel is that it is revealed to all. What if it had not been given to the world? Many other secrets have only recently been discovered, such as electricity. This was there all the time, but did no one any good until someone learned how to use it.

The promise of Jesus has been revealed from earliest times, first by the prophets then by the angels and now by the ministers. Today it is not only spoken in the churches but is broadcast over the radio.

The third reason we should thank God for his words is that they contain such comfort for those who are heavily laden. God himself lays each burden on us but he does not force us to bear it alone. He is always by our side to help us.

For all these reasons we should have prayers of thanksgiving in our hearts today.

Excellent Hostesses

Two groups of students in the home economics department served luncheons of their own creation Tuesday, December 7.

One group was made up of Mary Bess Beaty, Frances Anderson, Martha Jeanne Atkinson, and Betty Laws. Their menu was potato soup, baked sausage, stuffed pepper salad, baking powder biscuits, grape jelly, rainbow dessert, and coffee.

The other group was composed of Maurine Potlitzer, Mary Louise Mills, and Mary Elizabeth Belden. Their menu was mushroom soup, scalloped fish, sunflower salad, orange muffins, lemon meringue pie, and coffee.

Tells Inside Workings Of Newspaper "Morgue"

On Tuesday, Nov. 1, Miss Fahey of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat's reference department spoke to the journalism class. Miss Fahey is also secretary to the managing editor.

Miss Fahey visited 12 large metropolitan newspaper plants all over the country to study their reference departments before she took control of that of the Globe-Democrat. In the reference department, clippings are filed and cross-filed under the headings of geography, biography, and other subjects of general interest. Pictures are also filed.

Since all clippings can not be filed Miss Fahey has to decide which ones to keep, and which ones to throw away. It is necessary to go

over the files often. In nine years in her department, only one or two clippings have been lost. About 1200 pictures come in every week; of these, only a few can be kept. The other are thrown into a discard file and at the end of two months destroyed.

Miss Fahey told how one reporter lost some clippings so they made a new envelope and put a slip of paper saying "These clippings were lost by....." When he came in later asking for the same clippings they gave him the envelope and he had no reply.

The Globe-Democrat has bound files of papers going back ten years, available to the public, and in the vaults there are bound papers going back to 1852 which are not available to the general public because most of them would crumble at a touch.

NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS

Being that this is the last issue until 1939, the Linden Bark is privileged to announce the resolutions of the following:

BETTY MINOR FORSYTH—I hereby resolve to write the real McKay (get it) at least every other day.

JACQUELINE MORRISON—I resolve to receive at least one special within the next two years of my college career.

CHRISTINE McDONALD—I resolve to change completely my mode and ethics of life.

JUNE JORDAN—I resolve to take more cough syrup and read more novels.

JEANNE McELROY—I resolve to gorge and guard myself more carefully second semester.

CAROLINE IRISH—I resolve to always carry a portable telephone with me, in view of a constant "Prospect."

JOYCE DAVIS—Undecided.

MARGE MORGAN—I resolve to collect no more "bills" in either sense.

DOROTHY MANION—I resolve to make the most of my allowance.

EASTLICK GIRLS—We hereby resolve not to speak any further on the subject of the difficult life we lead in Eastlick.

KATZIE AND JANE—We heartily agree to arouse our sense of humor more rapidly in our 11 o'clock English Lit. class.

Successful in St. Louis

The women in the banking world were introduced to Lindenwood by a recent Banking Exhibit. In addition to those previously mentioned the life of an outstanding woman in banking in St. Louis was revealed, Miss Mathilde Woltjen.

Miss Woltjen quit her job in a mail order house, because she could not bear the thought of filling out another order blank. She had no job in mind when she resigned, but she found her place in life through just this chance.

She has been in the banking business for 14 years and is now assistant cashier at the Mutual Bank and Trust Company, 716 Locust Street. She holds a comparable position in St. Louis and even in the United States.

Her first job was as secretary and buffer to all unpleasant calls in the Security National. Gradually she became acquainted with ways of banking, placing her main interest on loans and investments for woman. In 1934 she joined the Mutual Bank and Trust which was formed at that time.

Miss Woltjen is an extremely well groomed woman. Her appearance and personality are definite assets in her career.

Surprisingly enough, most of her investors are men. She finds that many women are incredibly helpless, but that business women who are required to invest money are more cautious than men.

In addition to her banking life which often keeps her busy over 12 hours a day, she has found time to teach Sunday School regularly and direct programs of the local Women's Advertising Club.

Latin Club Plays Games

Pi Alpha Delta had a social meeting in the library club rooms, Monday evening, December 5. Games were played, and refreshments of cocoanut cake, mints, and coffee were enjoyed. Miss Hankins is the faculty sponsor of this Latin sorority at Lindenwood.

The members of the Greek Civilization class were guests.

Actor



MARIAN HULL,

who took an Army Officer's part in Friday Night's Play "Arms and the Man".

Attractive Dolls Dressed

If the adorably dressed dolls are any criteria, some child's Christmas should be happier.

The dolls were variously and colorfully dressed. Dorothy Ray's doll's eyes open and shut. She had on a little red dress that flares out and a little bonnet.

Kay Wagner's doll was dressed in a blue and white dotted dress. Her hat formed a sort of a halo around her head.

Another doll had on a dark blue pleated skirt with a white frill at the neckline of the tiny blouse.

One doll was dressed to the tiny mittens on her hands, and a band of white wool around the hat to match the mittens. This was Ruth Ray's doll.

Mary Townsend's doll was dressed in a bright yellow dress trimmed in rickrac.

Still another doll had on a peach colored taffeta party dress with a full skirt.

These dolls were collected Sunday night, December 11, at vespers. Immediately following vespers the dolls were given to Dr. King minister of the Markham Memorial Presbyterian Church in down town St. Louis.

Hobbies Important Says Journalism Speaker

Miss Edna Warren, reporter on the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, spoke to Mrs. Underwood's journalism class on Tuesday morning, November 29. Miss Warren spoke to the girls on "How to Fit Yourself in a Newspaper". She stressed the fact that basic college study and courses are necessary and whatever one masters or studies, it will apply to journalism. It is the preparation and enthusiasm that counts in journalism. She also said that personality is important in newspaper work. There are some theories that a regular college education without going to a journalism school is all that is necessary in newspaper work but along with that Miss Warren suggested that some journalism courses be taken. One point that Miss Warren seemed particularly anxious to bring out was to "get your education, but don't neglect your hobbies." She said that hobbies and personal interests are important when entering newspaper work, and "if you are interested in life that is a good sign for success in newspaper work". Miss Warren mentioned the hobbies of various women and men in newspaper work and how they often use them in their work. Such hobbies as fashions, cooking, stamp collecting, radio, politics, music, books and interior decorating can be and are of interest in a newspaper.

Miss Warren's position on the Globe-Democrat is that of general reporter and because of her interest in various things she covers such stories. Her main interest is gardening; she writes stories about Shew's Garden; the theatre and educational and university news. Miss Warren said that the city editor on a paper is quick to find out what his reporter's interests are. In Miss Warren's opinion a reporter's job gives one a chance to check up on his knowledge.

Each of the girls told Miss Warren her interests and hobbies, and she explained and showed to them how they could be useful in newspaper work. Miss Warren's talk was most interesting and informative and the girls enjoyed it thoroughly.

Man Seeking Always Christ the Eternal

Rev. Champ Ellis was the speaker at vespers Sunday evening, October 30. Preceding the address the choir sang, "God, That Madest Heaven and Earth" and Mary Dillon sang "Peace I Leave With You".

Mr. Ellis took his sermon from the sixth chapter of the Gospel of John, in which a group of people are massed around Christ when He asks the question, "Who will turn away?" Peter answers with, "Lord to whom shall we go? Thou hast eternal life." Mr. Ellis cited the example of Caesar crossing the Rubicon. Someone plunged into the stream and Caesar said, "The die is cast". It started a great destiny.

He told the student body that Jesus only asks that He be heard. He is always knocking and if anyone asks Him to come in He comes, but He never forces Himself on one. Peter might have turned aside or away, but the association of the Master would be lost. He would have a great mystery. There would be many unanswered questions.

Mr. Ellis told the students of a friend of John Newton's. This friend did not believe in God. He thought that everything came by chance so one day Mr. Newton put a globe on his desk and told him it came by chance. No one made it or put it there, just chance.

One cannot avoid Jesus. Men come to the time when they have no one else and then they turn to Him. Christ is the only one who can face the problems that arise.

Advancing in French

Beta Pi Theta, honorary French sorority, initiated its new members November 7 in the Library Club-rooms. The girls who were initiated were Mami Lou Albertson, Charolyn Baker, Jessie Benson, Donna Lou Dewees, Bette Lee Foster, Dorothy Grote, Imogene Hinsch, Peggy Hocker, Genevieve Horswell, Sara Jefferson, Dorothy Keyes, Henriette Jeanne McLaughlin, Virginia Mering, Helen Meyer, Kathryn Salyer, Nadeane Snyder, Winifred Vrooman, Martha Weber, and Urna Mildred Wilson.

Correct Way to Pack: Y. W. Demonstrates

The Y. W., in view of the fast approaching vacation, spent the meeting of November 30 in telling the proper way to pack. First everyone sang, "Sixteen More Days Till Vacation". Then Maurine Pottlitz demonstrated the wrong way to pack. After her graphic example of what not to do, Frances Brandenburg showed the right way to cram one's thing into a bag. Mary Belden then told all the things one should and should not do and the meeting closed as it began with songs.

Christmas Atmosphere

The Indiana Club at Lindenwood had a party for the members on Friday evening, December 2, at 5 o'clock in the Library club rooms. There were about 30 members present, and entertainment was provided in the form of various games. Refreshments of ice-cream, cookies and candies were served. Oranges and Christmas candies were given as favors to the girls. Officers of the club include Harriet Hall, president; Margery Carroll, vice-president; Barbara Jean Adams, secretary, and Miss Wurster as sponsor.

English Sorority Holds Initiation

Sigma Tau Delta held its initiation Monday night, December 5, in the library club rooms. The following girls were initiated: Sara Jefferson from Union City, Tenn.; Pauline Keehner, Granite City, Ill.; Mary Jean Du Hadway, Jerseyville, Ill.; Geraldine Rasdal, Ogallala, Neb.; Jean Anderson, Las Animas, Colo.; Margaret Barton, St. Charles; and Charolyn Baker, Kennett, Mo.

After the initiation the regular meeting was held and the minutes were read. Each new member received a rose.

Tonight many of the girls are going into St. Louis to the Civic Music League concert. Mr. Goossens is directing the Cincinnati Symphony orchestra.

Our wish to you—a very Merry Christmas and a most joyous New Year.

It is our sincere hope, that the New Year will bring you and yours a full measure of good health, good luck and good cheer, and to us the continuance of your friendship and good will.

The Management of The New STRAND

- Dec. 14-15 "If I Were King" with Ronald Colman
Wed.-Thurs.
- Dec. 16—Fri. "The Great Waltz" with Louise Rainer
- Dec. 17—Sat. "Illegal Traffic" with Mary Carlisle
- Dec. 18-19—"SUEZ" with Tyrone Power
Sun.-Mon. Loretta Young and Annabella
- Dec. 20—Tues. "King of Alcatraz" with Gail Patrick
- Dec. 21-22 "HARD TO GET" with Dick Powell
Wed.-Thurs.
- Dec. 23—Fri.—"Young Dr. Kildare" All star cast
- Dec. 24—Sat. "Listen Darling" with Judy Garland
- Dec. 25-26—"Shining Hour" with Joan Crawford
- Dec. 28-29—"Just Around The Corner" with Shirley Temple
Wed.-Thurs.
- Dec. 30—Fri.—"Youth Takes A Fling" with Connie Bennett
Sun.-Mon.—"Angels With Dirty Faces" with James Cagney and Pat O'Brien
Jan. 1-2

Sidelights of Society

Freshman Entertain Juniors at Tea

Friday, December 9, the freshmen entertained the Juniors with a tea in the library club rooms.

Dean Gipson, Dean Jackson; Dr. Gregg, the junior sponsor; and Miss Tucker, the freshmen sponsor, presided at the tea tables. Mary Alice Hudson, president of the freshmen class; Grace Quebbeman, vice-president; Betty Jean Clarke, secretary; and Peggy Barret, treasurer, were in the receiving line. The other council members were hostesses.

The tables were unusually lovely with a Christmas setting. At each end of both tables were tall red tapers and centerpieces of poinsettias.

Members of the freshman class furnished music during the entire tea.

Last Tea of the Season

The annual Commercial Club tea will be held tomorrow afternoon, from 4:30 to 6 o'clock in the library clubrooms. Presiding over the tea table at various intervals will be Dean Gipson, Dean Jackson, Miss Allyn, sponsor of the club; and Mrs. Heikes of the Commercial Club. The table will be covered with a lovely lace cloth and will have a centerpiece of fall chrysanthemums, heather, and baby's breath, and candles in silver holders at each end of the table. Receiving will be the officers of the club, including: Marjorie Morgan, president; Harriet Hall, vice-president; and Nan Field, secretary and treasurer. Assisting will be Dorothy Grote, Sarabell Hall, Kay Brewer, and Peggy Barret. Vera Jean Douthat will sing.

Sibley Sings in Christmas

The Sibley hall Christmas party will be held tomorrow evening, in the parlors. A musical program has been arranged, and the girls will sing carols. Refreshments of cokes, cookies, and Christmas candies will be enjoyed following the Christmas exchange. Mary Jane Brittin, house president, is in charge of the plans for the party.

Colorful Party at Ayres

A color scheme of silver and blue, with a large group of girls sitting around the Christmas tree of silver decorated with blue lights and silver candles burning at either end of the parlor, will greet the visitor at Ayres Hall Christmas party tomorrow evening. There will be candleabra on the piano and blue and silver decorations between the arches in the parlor. Gifts will be exchanged, carols will be sung and a program has been arranged. Refreshments include cokes, individual cakes and candy canes. The party committee was headed by Mary Mangold, house president, and the other members included Helen Dondanville, Virginia Norton and Kay Lovitt.

Eastlick Holds Revels

The Christmas Party at Eastlick Hall will be celebrated at Eastlick tonight by a dinner served by Miss Anderson, and a tree and exchange of gifts.

Read the
LINDEN BARK

Irwin Wears Party Dress

Irwin hall is decorated gayly for the coming Christmas party tomorrow night. Two big holly wreaths hang at the door, and silver bells are suspended from the arch of the entrance. In the parlor a diminutive Christmas tree stands on the table. The whole hall has a festive air which causes everyone to catch the spirit of Christmas when one enters. Refreshments of cokes and grammar cakes will be served. Miss Hough will be presented with a petit-point bag.

Giving Gifts Away

Niccolls Hall will have its Christmas party tomorrow night. A program is being arranged, and a good time is anticipated. It was decided upon unanimously that each girl would buy a toy and then after the party these would be donated to Dr. King's Kiddies.

Marjorie Morgan, president of Niccolls is general chairman, and has various committees to assist. Refreshments will be served.

Voters Gain New Officers

The League of Women Voters held its second meeting last Wednesday. A talk was given on the subject of Jewish refugees, and a general discussion followed. The League recently elected its new officers. They are: president, Charlotte Tucker; vice-president, Joanna Benecke; secretary, Sara Phillips; and treasurer, Patricia Jillson. The new constitution was read and tentatively accepted.

Girls Enjoy Skating Party

Saturday evening, December 3, the members of the Athletic Association had an ice-skating party at the Winter Gardens in St. Louis. Here the girls skated over the ice which was lighted by soft lights while they skated to the accompaniment of music. In spite of Helen Crider's conviction that most of the girls would skate on everything but their skates, there was not a single spill. After spending about three marvelous hours at the rink the girls ended the evening by going to Gariavelli's for refreshments. On the way back in the bus they all sang Christmas carols and really got into the Christmas spirit.

ROUND 'N ABOUT

Butler is getting a bit "squirrely" these days what with a squirrel doing the trapeze act on Jean Osburn's curtains and "flying through the air with the greatest of ease." This bit of news leads us to wonder what "nuts" attracted friend squirrel?

Did you know that the Lindenwood A. A. now stood for Acapella Association? It all started the night of the A.A. ice-skating party at the Winter Gardens. Coming back on the bus the girls really "went to town" singing, for perhaps they realized by then that they were better singers than skaters. In spite of the apprehensiveness on the part of some, there was not a "spill in the carload".

In spite of the discouraging census, colds and upset stomachs were not the only things that the girls brought back from their Thanksgiving recess. Dorothy Corzin brought back a frat pin with her "Nice work if you can get it".

A certain sophomore seems to have forgotten that her motto was "I'm Going to Lock my Heart and throw away the Key". Evidently she has found the key for she has now "found a new romance to take the place of the old romance" and is doing very well.

At Last A Birthday Party

Last Thursday a birthday party was held for all the residents who had birthdays between the first of July and the last of December. All the girls with birthdays sat at reserved tables. There were 30 tables of girls, or about 240 who had birthdays. There was a flower for each girl, and then for dessert a birthday cake with a lighted candle was given to every girl in the school.

Literary-Musical Tea

Sunday afternoon, December 4 Dean Jackson gave a tea for Butler Hall girls. Miss Stookey and Mrs. Hubbell poured. Pauline Gray sang, "No Candle and No Fire" and Terry Larson, "Oh Holy Night" and "Under the Stars". A duet by both of them was "Silent Night Holy Night".

Miss Wurster gave readings from a number of important French women writers of past years.

Butler Has A Party, Too

Butler Hall will hold its Christmas party tomorrow night. Everyone is expecting to have a wonderful time. There will be an exchange of gifts, and refreshments.

THE LINDEN BARK

Wishes to everyone

A MERRY CHRISTMAS

and a

HAPPY NEW YEAR

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